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A Congratulatory

POEM

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of ALBEMARLE,

Captain of His Majesty's

First Troop of Guards.

By E. SETTLE.

Præmia Virtutis dat Gloria.

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A Congratulatory

POEM.

HAil *CÆSAR*'s Dear *Hepheſtion*; Hail to all
Thoſe Golden Show'rs that on Crown'd VIRTUE fall.
Hail to thoſe *HONOURS*, Fate does here diſpenſe;
The Grati'tude of Endebted Providence.
True MERIT to the Royal Smiles of Kings
No empty, no precarious Title brings.
HE holds by Claim and Right, His equal Due,
The Smiles of *HEAV'N*, and *Heav'n's Vicegerent* too.

What tho NASSAU (War's finiſht Circle run)
By that Great Arm the Work of Fate has done;

Patron

Patron of EMPIRES, *Europe*'s Guardian Lord,
To the tir'd *Univerſe* has Reſt reſtor'd;
Given the World *Peace*; whilſt now no longer ſpread
The Branching Laurels for the Conqu'rors Head?
Shall the Great *ALBEMARLE* leſs Glorious ſhine,
Becauſe *Bellona*, with a Beam Divine,
Does now no more His Radiant Temples twine?
No, tho His Martial Eagles towr no more,
Such GLORY ſhall even teach his Doves to ſoar;
His *Poſt of Honour* with that Grandeur fill'd,
His very Olive-Wreaths His Brow ſhall gild.
Peace, and Inglorious Eaſe, perhaps may ſhade
Ignobler Worth; and poorer Brightneſs fade.
Your Luſtre a more Laſting Shine muſt hold:
'Tis Braſs that cankers; there's no Ruſt in Gold.

Hold then the *Albion* Thunder in that Hand:
Beneath the *JOVE* let the Young *MARS* command.
To peaceful Fields lead forth His glittering Arms,
With all that Port, and all thoſe Graceful Charms.

And

And if again ſome Foreign Cloud once more
Shall ruffle to new Storms our Halcyon Shore:
When *War*, the Martial *Britain's* well-play'd Game,
Shall call her *Heroes* to new Fields of Fame;
Then *ALBEMARLE*, (an Arm ſo Early try'd)
A Leading CHIEF, by the Great *WILLIAM*'s Side,
Shall plume in Full-blown *Glory's* nobleſt Pride.
With all His Native Heat, His Inborn Fire,
Warm'd in that Cauſe, ſhall t'all thoſe Heights aſpire,
That fix Great Names above the Pow'r to die.
The HERO founds His own proud Immortality.

But how can my poor Muſe attempt to ſing
The Glorious Harveſt ſuch *Ripe Hopes* ſhall bring?
It is enough, Great *ALBEMARLE* all o'er,
He'll be HIMSELE--------The World can ask no more.

Let not miſtaken Vulgar Ignorance
(Blind-ſighted all) at *ALBEMARLE*'s Advance,
To ſee Exalted *Worth* thus nobly riſe,
Attend his Triumphs with Malignant Eyes;

As if theſe Bleſſings his kind Stars ſhour'd down
From the too fond Profuſeneſs of a Crown.
No; the Great *CÆSAR*, that deckt Brow to raiſe,
Firſt poiſ'd the *Scales*, before he wove the *Bays*:
His Smiles to *ALBEMARLE* not Gives, but Pays.
For that Rewarded Head this *Chaplet* found,
Albion's the Hand, but 'twas *Aſtræa* crown'd.

Well he remembers that Rich *WORTH* he nurſt:
VALOUR he cheriſhes, but tried it firſt.
Early he led him forth to *HONOUR*'s Race,
Early he ſhew'd him *Death*'s and *Danger*'s Face:
All Fronted, like the Eaglet to the Sun,
When loos'd at Blood the glorious Hunter run.
Thus try'd he ſaw Him on the *Belgick* Plain:
In all the Virtues, in His Boſom reign,
Saw Godlike *COURAGE* lead th'Angelick Train.
A Poſting *Mercury* more ſwift ne're rod
To bear the Mandates of an Angry God,

Wings

Wings on his Feet, and Duty in his Eyes,
Then *ALBEMARLE* with *WILLIAM*'s Vengeance flies.
War was His firſt-lov'd Miſtreſs, His firſt Aim;
Eager He puſh'd, and Young to th'Liſts He came.
Through His fir'd Veins did the warm *Hero* riſe;
Glow'd in His Cheeks, and ſparkled in His Eyes.
Ev'n with a Strength unequal to His Will,
When wanting Years His Wiſhes to fulfil,
Oft would He murmur at the Lazy Sun,
And bid the tedious Charioteer drive on.
Tir'd with His Youth, in Nature's Face He flew:
Curſt her ſlow Architect; and envious grew,
At that quick Blood in our firſt Parent ran,
Who at a Word created, ſtept out, MAN.
Let fainter *Virtue*, from a Chiller Root,
Bear only a ſlow Later Autumn Fruit:
Such *Riper Veins* more forward Harveſts bring:
GLORY was here the *Firſt Fruits* of His *Spring*.
His *Truth*, *Truſt*, *Honour*, all together try'd,
The very Inland of His Heart deſcry'd;

He ſaw His *Virtues* whole Diſcover'd *Mine*,
Such fair *Deſerts*, the vaſt Rich *Treaſure* ſhine.
And if the *Grateful Crown*, in a Return
To ſuch known MERITS, does that *Brow* adorn,
So near the *Royal Heart* the Darling *Amu'let* worn;
His own the *Jewel*, all true ſparkling Mold,
Kind *WILLIAM* only ſets the JEM in *Gold*.

What, though, perhaps *Court-ſpight* (Pride's natural
Defect of Reaſon, *Engliſh Frailty* all!)
To ſee, by the Indulgent Smiles of Pow'r,
From ſome Rich *F*oreign Bed, ſome Lovely *Flow'r*,
Tranſlated to the *Royal Garden*, ſpread
Its fragrant Sweets, and raiſe its Beauteous Head;
Too oft with a cold Look, and murm'ring Thought,
Views the fair *Plant* with blooming Glories fraught------
The Mounting *ALBEMARLE* (His Riſe more kind,)
Sets forth, and Leaves the Rival Crowd behind:
Throws out the Lagging Racers of the Chace;
So plumes in *Fame*, out-ſtrips with ſuch a *Grace*;

That here ev'n Smiling *Envy*, to admire
Such Trophies, joins the Univerſal Choir :
Without one Hiſſing Snake, one ſingle Sting,
Does, pleas'd and charm'd, His *Io Paans* ſing.

Nor does ſuch Radiant *Greatneſs* only bear
So fair a Light, in His own Higher Sphere;
In the Court-*Galaxy* that Leading Star.
From that Rich ~~Soil~~ Source does all that *Goodneſs* flow;
That as He *Shines* Above, He *Warms* Below.
To His Command thus his Great Entry makes,
Whilſt not ſo much a Martial Charge He takes;
But ev'n a Nurſery of Arms : So dear
The cheriſht Sons of *Mars*, His Care ſo near;
Already has His kind Protecting Smile
Fatten'd their Glebe, and all enricht their Soil.
As if Reſolv'd, by ſuch Endearing Charms,
Not to *Lead* only, but *Inſpire* their Arms;
Not *Hands* but *Hearts* his own : So warm a Sway,
Like the *Promethean Fire*, would ev'n give *Souls* to Clay.

That Animating Goodneſs in their Head,
Where ſhall not ſuch Commanding HONOUR Lead?
Whilſt this all-pow'rful Influence ſits above,
Life of their Arms, ſhall His Great *Genius* move:
So the High Spheres their vaſt tuned Meaſures go,
Whilſt Seaſons, Days, and Years, Dance after 'em below.

The Helm of Glory in ſuch Steering Hands,
Tis thus the Truly-Noble *Chief* commands:
He Marches his *Battalions* to the Field,
In War their *Leading Fire*, in Peace their *Shield*.
'Twas thus of Old, did the Celeſtial Hand,
Guide his Lov'd *Iſrael* to the Promis'd Land.
One while, in a kind *Cloud's* refreſhing Shade,
He Health and Shelter, ev'n in Deſarts, made.
Another, did his brighter Beams diſplay;
In his own Native, and more Heav'nly Ray,
Above 'em like a *Fiery Pillar* rod:
Their *Light*, or *Umbrage*; and in both a GOD.

But

But were His Shining Trophies infinite;
Not their whole Blaze one Spark of *Pride* can light.
His Wreaths not Noblier won, but worn as well:
Never ſuch Height was ſo acceſſible.
Glory His Breaſt can Fill, but never Swell.
No Greatneſs ſo familiar; and ſo free
No Temple to the Humbleſt Votary.
Here the Bent Knees that open Ear obtain;
Deſert ne're Pleads, nor Juſtice Sues in vain.
That Genuine Sweetneſs, all that Smiling Air----
Sure, the whole *Graces* Throne is founded There.

Here, Muſe, His Praiſe like thy *Pernaſſus* frame:
On two Twin Mounts of Greatneſs build His Fame:
VIRTUES to lead a *Court*, as well as *Camp*;
And teach 'em HONOUR of the Nobleſt Stamp.

F I N I S.